

Harrison State Park '68(1968)

Unknown



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Harrison State Park '68

Stephen King

Published in "Ubris", 1968

"All mental disorders are simply detective strategies
for handling difficult life situations."

Thomas Szasz

"'And I feel like homemade shit.'"

Ed Sanders

- Can you do it ?

She asked shrewdly

From the grass where her nylon legs

in gartered splendor

made motions.

- Can you do it ?

Ah!

What do I say?

What are the cools?

Jimmy Dean?

Robert Mitchum?

Soupy Sales?

Modern Screen Romances is a tent on the grass

Over a dozen condoms

in a quiet box

and the lady used to say

(before she passed away)

- If you can't be an athlete,

be an athletic supporter.

The moon is set.

A cloud scum has covered the

stars.

A man with a gun has passed

this way

BUT -

we do not need your poets.

Progressed beyond them to

Sony

Westinghouse

Cousin Brucie

the Doors

and do I dare

mention Sonny and Cher ?

I remember Mickey Rooney

as Pretty Boy Floyd

and he was the shortest Pretty Boy Floyd

on record

coughing his enthusiastic

guts out in the last

reel.

We have not spilt the blood.

They have spilt the blood.

A little girl lies dead

On the hopscotch grid

No matter

- Can you do it?

She asked shrewdly

With her Playtex living bra

cuddling breasts

softer than a handful of wet Fig Newtons.

Old enough to bleed

Old enough to slaughter

The old farmer said

And grinned at the white

Haystack sky

With sweaty teeth

(radiation

radiation

your grandchildren will be

monsters)

I remember a skeleton

In Death Valley

A cow in the sunbleached throes of antiseptic death

and someone said:

- Someday there will be skeletons

on the median strip of the Hollywood Freeway

staring up at exhaust-sooty pigeons

amidst the flapping ruins of

Botany 500

call me Ishmael.

I am a semen.

- Can you do it?

She asked shrewdly

When the worms begin

their midnight creep

and the dew has sunk white to

milk the grass...

And the bitter tears

Have no ducts

The eyes have fleshed in.

Only the nose knows that

A loser is always the same.

There is a sharp report.

It slices the night cleanly

And thumps home with a tincan spannnng!

Against the Speed Limit sign down the road.

Laughter

The clean clear sound of a bolt levered back...

Silence...

Spannng!

"Aileen, if poachers poached peaches, would the
poachers peel the peaches to eat with poached eggs
poached before peaches?"

oh dont

dont

please touch me

but dont

dont

and I reach for your hand

but touch only the radiating live pencils

of your bones:

-- Can you do it?

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